

I Dream of Richie

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Summary:

Eddie coughed, eyes tearing up. He reached instinctively for his inhaler but stopped dead when he saw, well, him. A boy taller than Eddie himself, with black curls running wild and enormous glasses.

“Hey howdy ho, my name is Richie Tozier and I am your genie.”

This was about the point where Eddie fainted.

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Or, an "I Dream of Jeannie" AU where Richie is an enthusiastic genie and Eddie a reluctant genie-owner.

I Dream of Richie

Bill bought Eddie a set of glass coke bottles for his birthday. “It would be a cool thing to put your f-flowers in. At least, that’s w-what I thought. If you don’t like them I-”

“No, I love them.” Eddie’s voice was close to a whisper. 4 glass coke bottles, the logo shaped into the bottle itself and pristinely clean. Though he didn’t seem the type for antiques, Eddie loved tending to his flowers and finding ways to make them stand out, especially in his dingy, dark house.

“I know exactly what I’ll put in here first. Carnations. I saw some beautiful ones down on Mullbury Street, and well, now I have to buy them!” Eddie said, louder this time and nearly beaming. Bill and their friends smiled. Eddie was hardly an upbeat and happy person, so they encouraged the positive and healthy enthusiasm he did have. Usually for flowers.

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Eddie ate his birthday cake, vanilla with vanilla frosting, of course. He never had birthday candles, because of course spitting all over your cake that everyone eats is just plain disgusting. However, this means no birthday wishes. Not like wishes or magic were real or anything, but just the idea, like wishing on a star, was a hope in itself. Eddie gave up that hope because of his fears, and a part of him missed the magic of birthdays, the pure hopefulness that comes with the one birthday wish for every year.

He tried his best to keep his backpack from looking too bulky when he inched into the house. The last thing he wanted was his mother inquiring, inspecting, and eventually confiscating his stuff. If she found it on her own, he could put up a good fight, but having those uninterrupted moments where it’s all his and has no place in her grasp, where his gifts aren’t dangerous or make him sick or silly. For all she distrusted Eddie (or patronized him), she wouldn’t trust his friends for anything.

He crept quietly into his room and closed the door with a soft click. Eddie laid his gifts on the bed: 3 comics, a record and the shiny coke

bottles. Well, not quite so shiny. Eddie frowned. There was a spot on one.

He picked it up, rubbing it on the corner of his shirt. Nothing. Finally he licked his finger and tried rubbing it of, at no avail. "What the--"

Smoke started swirling in the bottle, from the bottle of it but slowly rising. Eddie dropped it on his bed as it got hot, nearly burning his hand. The smoke started to escape the bottle and he fanned his hands about, trying to keep it contained. It got so dense he couldn't see, and then finally dissipated almost as soon as it came.

Eddie coughed, eyes tearing up. He reached instinctively for his inhaler but stopped dead when he saw, well, him. Taller than Eddie, with black curls running wild and enormous glasses.

"Hey howdy ho, my name is Richie Tozier and I am your genie."

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When Eddie came too, that boy was standing over him. "You good, kid?" He--"Richie"--reached out a hand to help Eddie up but he was already scrambling to his feet.

"What the fuck? Who the fuck? Why? How? Jesus! What?" Eddie sputtered out, running his hands through his hair. This could not be happening. On his fricken 18th birthday.

"I think you missed where and when, buddy. I'm Richie. I am your genie. I've been in those bottles for the past 25 years until you rubbed up on me," he said with a wink, "and I would be glad to return the favor."

"What the fuck! Gross! Get out of my house, you creep!" Eddie's voice began to rise, and he remembered his mother at the base of the stairs. "Genies are not real! That's like, the fakest excuse to rob someone!" He backed closer and closer to the door, getting ready to run. Richie the so-called Genie only rolled his eyes and sat on the edge of his bed, crushing one of the new comics.

"I'm not dangerous and I'm not homeless...anymore. I literally cannot leave as long as you own those bottles. And legally, they are in your possession."

"No! Bill bought them go try and stalk him!"

"This Bill gave them to you. He gave up possession. They're yours."

"Some birthday gift, a teenager trying to kill me in my bedroom."

"It's your birthday? I've been preparing a song just for the occasion."

"Keep it down! And none of your business, you freak!"

"I can make your birthday wish come true. I'm not like other genies, I'm the best kind of genie! I got unlimited wishes. So shout it out and I'll get it, cutie-pie," Richie said, smiling widely at Eddie. He stared, dumbfounded.

"Give me.." Eddie was blanking on anything cool he actually wanted. A horse? Ew. Castle? Crazy.. "Carnations." He settled on, with a grin.

Richie blinked. "What the hell is a carnation, Eddie-spaghetti?"

"You are useless."

"Mind if I do a quick victory lap? I've been in that bottle for about twenty-five long years, gotta stretch the legs."

Eddie's eyes widened in alarm. "No, no no no! Way you are even chancing meeting my mother! No freaking way!, Just go back from wherever you came from!"

"I'm dying to, Eds. If this is what you look like, your mom must be a total babe. Don't you want your wish?" Richie smirked, nodding to the table in the corner of Eddie's eye. 3 yellow carnations that hadn't been there before laid neatly on Eddie's desk. Eddie picked them up gently, in awe. "How did you-"

"Genie, baby. I blink shit into existence."

Eddie turned back to Richie, taking him in seriously this time. His

glasses were enormous and he had a raggedly red t shirt, as well as cargo shorts on. His hair grew wild black curls, and he stood taller than Eddie. His body didn't end in smoke but a pair of dirty white sneakers.

A knock on Eddie's door made him drop the flowers.

Author's Note:

ahh hi everyone!! i just got magically (lol) inspired for an i dream of jeannie au with genies and shit so i hope i will actually stay committed to this. shameless plug for my tumblr @bleepbleepprichie lol and thanks 2 my pal @killerxqueer for listening to all my crazy HCs and AUs and spurring me on!!

i'm super nervous about posting fic so i hope you all enjoyed!!